

# Britaines Honour.

In the two Valiant *Welchmen*, who fought against  
fifteene thousand *Scots*, at their now comming to *England* pas-  
sing over *Tyne*; whereof one was kill'd manfully fighting against his  
foe, and the other being taken Prisoner, is now (upon relaxation)  
come to *Yorke* to his Majestie.

The tune is, *How now Mars &c.*



**Y** On noble Brittaines bold and hardy,  
That fassly are derib'd from *Wute*,  
Who were in battell ne're found t'edy,  
But still will fight for your repate;  
'gainst any bee,  
What e'r a' be,  
Now for your credit list to me,  
Two *Welchmens* valour you shall see.

These two undaunted *Troian* worthies,  
(Who prized honour more then life,)  
With *Royall Charles*, who in the North is,  
To salve (with care) the ulcerous strife;  
Which frantick fots,  
With conscious spots,  
Bring on their soules; these two hot shots,  
Withstood full fifteene thousand *Scots*.

The manner how shall be related.  
That all who are King *Charles* his friends  
May be with courage animated,  
Unto such honourable ends;

These cavaliers,  
Both *Musquetiers*,  
Could never be posselt with feares,  
Though the *Scots* Army nigh appeare.

Within their workes neere *Tyne* intrench'd  
Some of our *Soveraignes* forces lay;  
When the *Scots* Army came, they clinched,  
And on good cause retr'd away;  
Yet blame them not,  
For why the *Scot*,  
Was fide to one, and came so hot,  
Nothing by staying could be got.

Yet these two *Partialists* so famous,  
One to another thus did say;  
Report hereafter shall not shame us,  
Let *Welchmen* come to runne away;  
Now for our King.  
Let's doe a th'gs.  
Whereof the world shall loudly ring  
Unto the grace of our off-spring.

The haunting *Scot* shall know what valour,  
Deth in a *Britains* brest reside;  
They shall not bring us any dolour;  
But first wee'll tame some of their pride.

What though we dy,  
Both thee and I:  
Yet this we know assuredly,  
In life and death ther's victory.